who *came down this path single-handed to fight the materialism of the West !*

SHE must have travelled by this route !

What mixed emotions surge as the dandy sways upon the shoulders of my six stalwart coolies above the rushing Sind river, watching the white jessamine's indigenous growth and the Chinese honeysuckle's tangles.

On the road to Leh !

At my feet in the dandy reclines again the little Hindu girl. " Do you like this country, Sita ? " Is it the pleasure of a child or the recognition of a woman thousands of years old that flashes from the brown eyes ?

On the road to Leh !

Yet cc Not by this route ! " says my brahman guide, who has broken the very highest caste for love of that Light. " Not by this route ! " as he points to where the evening star burns above the Zoji La Pass, " Shall we reach Them ? Is there not a *nearer way ?* "

Only to-day has come the tidings of the " death " of one who was an advanced disciple of Theirs, but whose last days had been passed in serving Them in a chemist's shop.

In his affluent days he had given his all to Their service, old and in delicate

health he did

his